

MARCH

TERRIFIC

COMICS

LOADED WITH ACTION!

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Drink a Toast to Our Armed Forces!

NEW... EXCITINGLY DIFFERENT

"DRINKING COMPANIONS"

for Readers of

COO COO COMICS

Patriotic... Unique... SO Different! You'll Want to Take Advantage of This Coupon Offer Now While Supplies Are Still Available

Just think! A matched set of six, best-quality, big 10-ounce Victory drinking glasses, and on a coupon offer so amazing it may never be duplicated.

What makes these glasses so amazingly unusual is the full color design, different on each glass, showing each different branch of our armed forces... Army, Navy, Marines, Air Corps, Coast Guard and even the Defense Workers. ALL are "toasted" and honored. There are two illustrations on each glass. We have illustrated what you see from the front. You'll get a real kick out of the back view, when you turn the glass around. In good taste for young and old. So, readers, accept this coupon offer now, while this special arrangement is on. You'll be glad you did!

IF YOU THINK YOU MUST PAY \$3, \$4,
OR \$5 FOR SUCH UNUSUAL GLASSES
Then You'll Be Delighted When You Read the Coupon

SEND NO MONEY JUST MAIL THE COUPON
INSPECT...USE...SHOW YOUR FRIENDS ON THIS NO-RISK OFFER

Be sure to mail your coupon today. When your set of 6 full-color Victory Glasses, toasting our armed forces, reaches you, give postman only \$1.49 plus C.O.D. postage. Consider them "on approval." See the excellent quality glass, the perfect shape. Note the safety chip-proof bevel edge. Most important, be happy with the vivid full-color illustrations, different front view and back view, toasting our armed forces. Use your set for 10 days, put them to every test. If you aren't 100% pleased beyond words, return the set and your money will be immediately refunded. Victory Glasses make every party a sure success, are ideal for everyday use, too. Timely, exclusive and such a wonderful coupon value, you'll be delighted. Readers, be the first in your set to Toast Our Armed Forces for Victory! Now, today, mail the coupon.

No-Nick
Chip-Proof
Bevel Edge
Full 10 Oz.
Ideal for Beer,
Highballs, Water
and
Every Beverage



ILLUSTRATION $\frac{2}{3}$ ACTUAL SIZE



MAIL COUPON NOW...

See for Yourself

MATCHED COASTER SET

For prompt action in mailing the coupon, not only do you receive your set of 6 different full-color Victory Glasses at an amazing low price, but also you'll receive a set of 6 valuable and useful coasters, free of all extra charges. Don't wait. Mail coupon now.

MASON and CO., Dept C 1
154 E. Erie St., Chicago, Illinois

**NO-RISK
10-DAY TRIAL
OFFER**

Send me a set of 6 big 10-ounce illustrated Victory glasses and the two set of coasters. On arrival I will deposit with postman \$1.49 plus postage charges on the non-cash guarantee that if I am not completely satisfied, I may return the set of glasses and coasters in 10 days the complete refund without question.

☐ MONEY ENCLOSED (If money with order, glasses come postpaid)

Name.....
(Print Name)

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ SPECIAL: Send me 3 complete sets, with FREE coasters by \$3.49. (Due to the demand and our limited supply, only 3 sets may be ordered by one customer.)

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KID TERRIFIC

and
JIMMIE

THE NAZI BUTCHERS FROM BERLIN WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO ACCOMPLISH THEIR ENDS IN ATTEMPTING TO SABOTAGE AMERICA! KID TERRIFIC AND JIMMIE ENCOUNTER THE MOST RUTHLESS OF OPPONENTS AS THEY BATTLE THE FIENDS OF---

the CARNIVAL
of TERROR!!



WE'LL HAVE TO STAY HERE A FEW DAYS, AND WAIT FOR THE NEW FREAKS WHO ARE COMING IN FROM NEW YORK!!

I SURE HOPE THEY WON'T BE LIKE THAT LAST BUNCH!

MEANWHILE--A CRACK PASSENGER
TRAIN ROARS WESTWARD
THROUGH THE NIGHT!!



AND INSIDE THE TRAIN, THREE MEMBERS OF THE
CARNIVAL PROFESSION TALK--

THEY MUST WANT
US PRETTY BADLY
IF THEY PAY OUR
FARE OUT THERE
LIKE THIS!

WELL--THE
SHOW'S STRANDED,
AIN'T IT?--SHE
NEEDS US!!

UNDERSTAND
SHE'S A PRETTY
NICE
LOOKING
GIRL!!



I'M GLAD I GOT
THIS JOB--
SURE NEED THE
DOUGH!

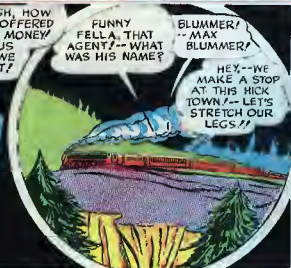
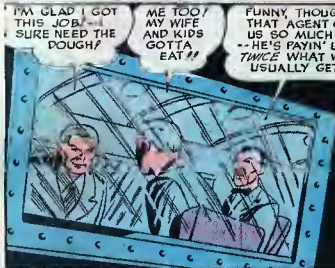
ME TOO!
MY WIFE
AND KIDS
GOTTA
EAT!!

FUNNY, THOUGH, HOW
THAT AGENT OFFERED
US SO MUCH MONEY--
HE'S PAYIN' US
TWICE WHAT WE
USUALLY GET!

FUNNY
FELLA, THAT
AGENT!-- WHAT
WAS HIS NAME?

BLUMMER!
--MAX
BLUMMER!

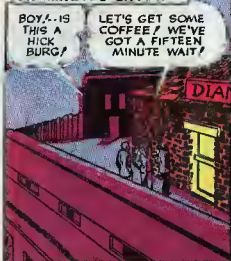
HEY--WE
MAKE A STOP
AT THIS HICK
TOWN!-- LET'S
STRETCH OUR
LEGS!!



TEN MINUTES LATER--

BOY--IS
THIS A
HICK
BURG!

LET'S GET SOME
COFFEE! WE'VE
GOT A FIFTEEN
MINUTE WAIT!



SUDDENLY--A FIGURE
EMERGES FROM THE
SHADOWS, AND--

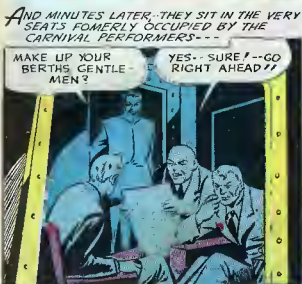
MAY I HAVE
A WORD WITH
YOU GENTLEMEN?

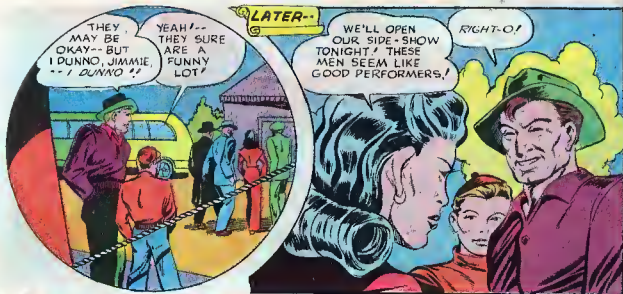


WHAT'S UP,
BUD? WHAT
D'YA WANT
WITH US?

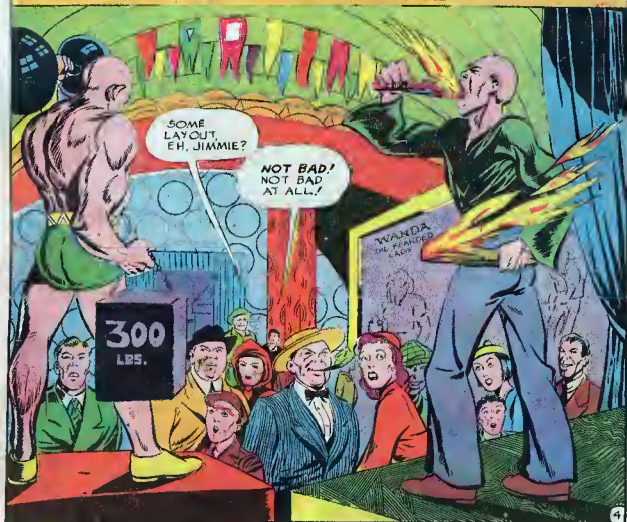
IF YOU'LL STEP
THIS WAY--I'LL
TELL YOU SOME-
THING VERY
INTERESTING!!







THAT NIGHT, AMIDST THE GAIETY AND GARISH TINSEL OF THE CARNIVAL, -- THE SIDESHOW AND CONGRESS OF FREAKS MAKES IT'S FIRST APPEARANCE --



AFTER THE EVENING SHOW--

NO! NO!-- IT
YON'T VORK!
--VE HAFF TO
TAKE OUR
TIME!

KARL ISS RIGHT!
LET US PROCEED
MIT CAUTION!

G-GOSH!

WOW! WAIT'LL
KID TERRIFIC
HEARS OF
THIS!

TALKIN'
GERMAN?
--THAT
SETTLES IT!
--LET'S GO!
--I WANNA'
TALK TO
THEM GUYS!

I NEVER
LIKED
THEM
IN THE
FIRST
PLACE!

AT THE
ACTOR'S
TENT!
--KID
TERRIFIC
OPENS
THE
ENTRANCE
FLAP--
AND--

HEY--YOU
GUYS!-- I WANNA
TALK TO YOU--

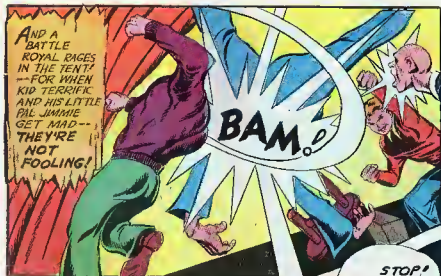
ABOUT WHAT,
DUMBKOPF??

IF DATS
DE WAY
YOU WANT
IT-- OKAY!

PEASANT!
HOW DARE YOU
INTERRUPT PERFORMERS!

OH! OH!
HERE WE
GO AGAIN!

CA--RACK--



AND A BATTLE ROYAL RAGES IN THE TENT! --FOR WHEN KID TERRIFIK AND HIS LITTLE PAL JIMMIE GET MAD-- THEY'RE NOT FOOLING!

BAM!

--AND IN THE TRAILER OFFICE NEARBY--

MY GOODNESS!!

BANG!

CRACK!
SOCK

HI, MISS! --LOOK!! DESE GUYS IS NAZIS!

STOP!
STOP THIS INSTANT!

RUNNING A CARNIVAL IS NO PICNIC!

BOFF!

OOO-WAH!

CRACK!

BIFF!

OUCH!

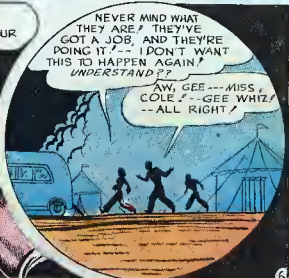


SINCE WHEN DOES A FOREMAN QUESTION THE ACTIONS OF PERFORMERS AFTER HOURS??

WE WERE MERELY DISCUSSING OUR PERFORMANCES IN OUR NATIVE TONGUE!

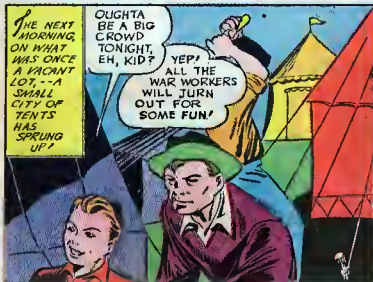
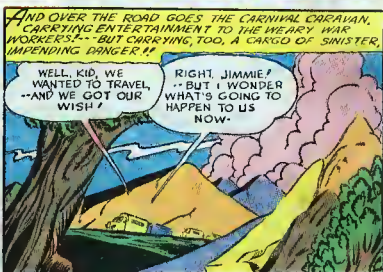
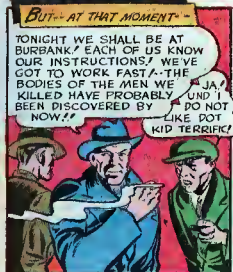
NEVER MIND WHAT THEY ARE! THEY'VE GOT A JOB, AND THEY'RE DOING IT! -- I DON'T WANT THIS TO HAPPEN AGAIN! UNDERSTAND??

AW, GEE --- MISS COLE! --GEE WHIZ! --ALL RIGHT!





MORNING--AND THE CARNIVAL PREPARES TO LEAVE FOR THE NEXT TOWN!

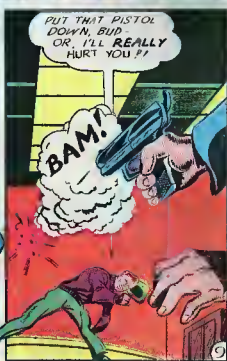
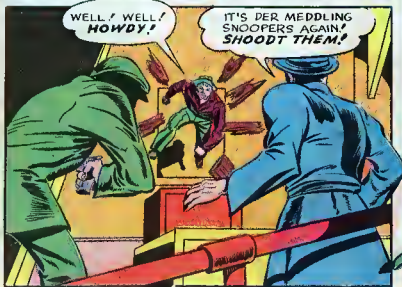
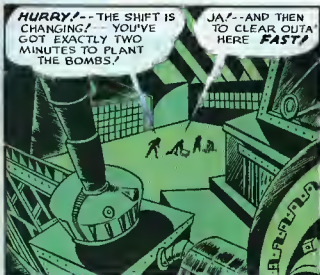


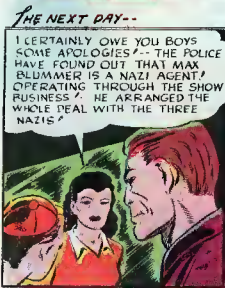
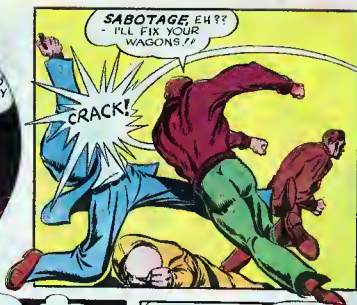
A STRENUOUS NIGHT AND DAY OF ACTIVITY; AND THEN AT CLOSING TIME--

WELL, -- WE HAD A FINE DAY, TODAY! GOOD NIGHT, BOYS! / SURE GLAD TO HEAR IT BOSS-- GOOD NIGHT! / YEAH! -- THAT'S SWELL! G'NIGHT! / OH! OH! THERE THEY ARE! WONDER WHAT'S UP? / LET'S FOLLOW THEM, AND FIND OUT!

YOU'RE SURE NO ONE SUSPECTS? / IMPOSSIBLE! THE GIRL PUT THOSE TWO SWINE IN THEIR PLACE! / OUR PLAN HAS GOT TO WORK! / THEY'VE GOT A CAR! / YEAH! -- THEY MUST HAVE RENTED IT IN BURBANK! LET'S FOLLOW 'EM IN MISS COLE'S CAR! / AN HOUR LATER, OUR TWO FRIENDS WATCH AS THE SINISTER TRIO APPROACH THE GATES OF THE BURBANK AIRCRAFT COMPANY! / HERE ARE OUR PASSES! YOU WILL FIND THEM IN ORDER! -- WE'RE HERE TO ENTERTAIN THE NIGHT SHIFT! / I'LL HAVE TO VERIFY THIS AT THE OFFICE!

IN THE OFFICE-- / YEAH, YEAH! IT'S OKAY! LET 'EM IN! / HE LET 'EM IN! SOMETHING'S WRONG, JIMMIE! / --AND HOW! / KARL! HANS! ERIC! GOOD YOU ARE HERE! COME THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE! -- SOON THEY WILL DISCOVER THE DEATH OF THE NIGHT MANAGER! / LEAD US TO THE STAMPING ROOM! QUICK! /





BOOMERANG

and
"The BUTCHER of
Berlin"



Introducing

BOOMERANG --- FEARLESS FIGHTER
FOR THE U.S. ARMY INTELLIGENCE --- HIS
JOB IS TO --- WE'LL READ ON AND
LEARN OF THE FIRST TERRIFIC EPISODE
OF BOOMERANG, IN THE SAGA OF
HITLER'S HEADSMAN!!

LBCole



62- U.S. ARMY INTELLIGENCE
TO: CAPT. LLOYD RALEIGH --

PROCEED TO BERLIN
AS ARRANGED, AND
ELIMINATE HUGO
DRUTZ!!

SIGNED
Colonel Drake
CHIEF OF STAFF

THE MILITARY
WORLD DOES
NOT KNOW
THAT CAPTAIN
LLOYD
RALEIGH
IS THE MUCH
FEARED

BOOMERANG!

YOU HAVE PLEDGED YOURSELF
TO ERADICATE SCOURGES OF
MODERN CIVILIZATION! HERE
IS YOUR FIRST ASSIGNMENT!

RIGHT, SIR? ANY
FURTHER
INSTRUCTIONS?



YES -- IN OUR DESIRE TO FREE THE OPPRESSED WORLD OF SADISTIC KILLERS WE MUST ELIMINATE THEM ONE AT A TIME! AFTER DISPOSING OF DRUTZ, REPORT BACK TO ME!

I UNDERSTAND!

YOUR JOB IS TO GET RID OF THOSE MONSTERS ONE BY ONE! -- YOUR PLANE AND UNIFORM ARE READY! -- GOOD BYE AND GOOD LUCK!!

GOOD BYE, SIR!

THIS IS THE BIGGEST GAMBLE I'VE EVER BARGAINED FOR! AN AMERICAN IN A NAZI UNIFORM, FLYING A NAZI PLANE!



THE ACK-ACK GUNNERS WERE TOLD TO LAY OFF ME -- I HOPE THEY OBEY INSTRUCTIONS!



STRAIGHT ACROSS FRANCE -- THEN A STOP FOR REFUELING AT A NAZI OCCUPIED, FRENCH AIR BASE!

JA! -- I CARRY SPECIAL INTELLIGENCE! MESSAGES FOR DER FEUHRER HIMSELF! -- I COME FROM ITALY!

GOOT! -- YOUR PLANE WILL BE READY IN A FEW MINUTES!



STRANGE! -- THOUGH HE SPEAKS PERFECT GERMAN, SOMETHING ABOUT HIM HAS ME WORRIED! -- I'M GOING TO TELEPHONE AHEAD! -- JUST TO MAKE SURE!



AND, IN BERLIN, AN OFT REPEATED SCENE IS TAKING PLACE!

NO, NO! -- I TELL YOU I'M INNOCENT!

QUIET FOOL! TODAY YOU DIE!

JA! AND BY THE HEADSMAN'S BLOCK! -- COME ON! OR MUST VE DRAG YOU!



HA!--ANOTHER
ONE TO FEEL
THE EDGE OF
MY AXE!

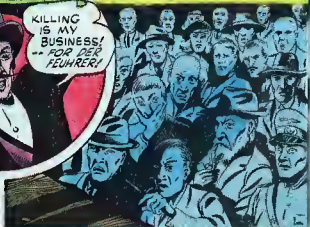
NO! NO!
DON'T LET
ME DIE
THIS WAY!

THE UNFORTUNATE VICTIM
IS FORCED TO KNEEL
WITH HIS HEAD ON THE
BLOCK!-- THEN --

AND A GROUP OF TERRIFIED
PEOPLE WATCH FASCINATED
BY THE MEDIEVAL DISPLAY OF
HORROR!

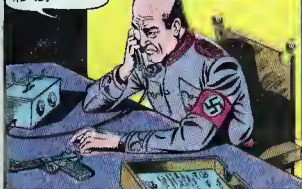


KILLING
IS MY
BUSINESS!
-- FOR DER
FEUHRER!



AT THAT MOMENT A NAZI MAJOR IS SPEAKING
OVER THE PHONE AT A BERLIN AIRFIELD!

HEADING DIS YAY? JA! GOOT! I VILL MAKE
DER NECESSARY INVESTIGATIONS, I VILL
FIND OUT WHO
HE IS!



UPON LANDING IN BERLIN THE OCCUPANT OF
THE MESSERSCHMITT IS USHERED INTO THE
MAJOR'S OFFICE!

SO-- YOU SAY YOU ARE KURT
BRUGNER, ON A SPECIAL MISSION
FROM ITALY!-- HOW VERY
INTERESTING!

WHY, SO, MEIN
COMMANDANT?

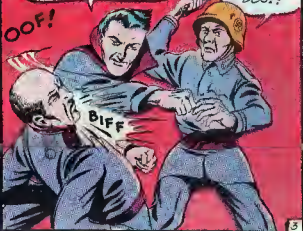


BECAUSE, KURT BRUGNER WAS SHOT DOWN IN
ENGLAND! HE'S IMPRISONED IN A BRITISH
CAMP! YOU ARE AN IMPOSTER!
SEIZE HIM!



AT LEAST I'LL HAVE THE
PLEASURE OF PASTING
YOUR STUPID FACE!

AMERICAN
DOG!!



BOOMERANG IS THEN THROWN INTO A DUNGEON--TO AWAIT THE SAME FATE AS THE REST OF THE PRISONERS!

INSIDE, AMERICAN SWINE!
YOU DIE BY THE HEADSMAN
TOMORROW!

HUGO DRUTZ IS THEN TOLD OF HIS LATEST VICTIM---

AN AMERIKANER, EH? DOT
VILL BE A DOUBLE
PLEASURE! I THINK
I VILL GO DOWN TO DER
DUNGEON, AND 'ER--
INTERVIEW
HIM!

HE IS A
TOUGH MAN
DRUTZ!

A FEW MINUTES LATER---

SUCH A PRETTY LITTLE BIRD!
YOU CAN STILL HAVE YOUR
FREEDOM, YOU KNOW -- IF --

TAKE YOUR
HANDS OFF
ME --! YOU
FILTHY BEAST!

WHAT LUCK!
THIS IS THE
GUY I'M SUPPOS-
ED TO KNOCK
OFF! -- HE
CERTAINLY
DESERVES IT!

HEY--
DRUTZ!

SPEAK WHEN YOU'RE
SPOKEN TO -- PIG
OF AN AMERIKANER!

UGH!

ALL RIGHT, SO
YOU SPOKE
TO ME

OOOOOFF!

I COULD KILL YOU NOW, IF
I PLEASE! -- BUT, I SAVE IT
TILL TOMORROW, -- YOU, I
KEEP FOR LAST, I KNOW
A FEW TRICKS ---

THAT PUG HIT ME SO HARD
MY HANDS ARE FREE, --
HERE! -- I'LL UNTIE YOUR ROPES
AND YOU UNTIE ALL OF US! --
I'VE GOT AN IDEA ---

IN A FEW MOMENTS THE FIVE VICTIMS ARE FREED OF THEIR BONDS!

HERE-- PUT ON THESE TOGS,-- YOU CAN GET AWAY IN THEM,--I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO---

BUT-- WHAT WILL YOU WEAR ?



BOOMERANG! THIS IS A MIRACLE!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT,-- AT ANY RATE-- OH, OH, HERE COMES THE GUARD-- LISTEN-- FOLLOW THIS PLAN---



GUARD--I WONDER IF YOU WILL---

VOT ?--VOT DO YOU WANT--??



HERE'S WHAT I WANT DOPE,-- THE KEYS, AND THE GUN TOO! ---GRAB 'EM QUICK!

YES, BOOMERANG!



FROM A PRACTICED HAND, THREE BOOMERANGS SAIL THROUGH THE AIR WITH SKULL-CRACKING FORCE!

MINUTES LATER--

THAT GUARD IS OUT COLD!

OH, OH!-- HERE COME THREE NAZIS!-- JUST WHAT WE NEEDED FOR GUNS AND UNIFORMS!



UGH!

ACH!

OOF!

HERE-- TAKE THESE GUNS!-- GET OUT OF HERE!-- AND GOOD LUCK!--

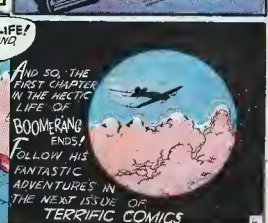
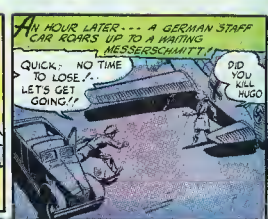
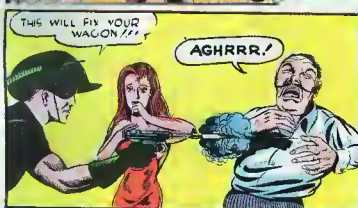
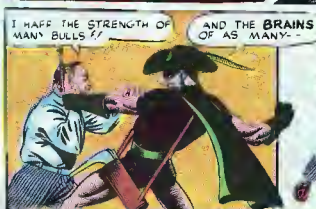
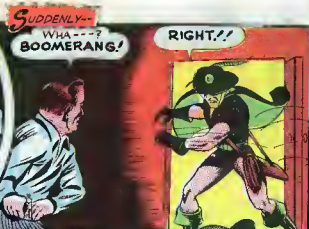
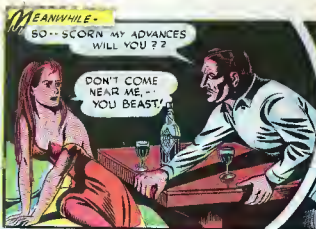
WAIT!--BOOMERANG!



I AM A BRITISH AGENT. I'VE NOTHING TO LOSE-- I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR JOB IS,-- BUT LET ME HELP YOU,-- PERHAPS WE BOTH CAN ESCAPE TOGETHER!

ALL RIGHT,-- THEN LISTEN-- GRAB A NAZI PLANE AT THE AIRPORT,-- KEEP IT TUNED UP!-- I'LL SEE YOU IN AN HOUR!





"COMICS" M'CORMICK

HE DAYDREAMS ADVENTURE

BY Ed Wheeler -

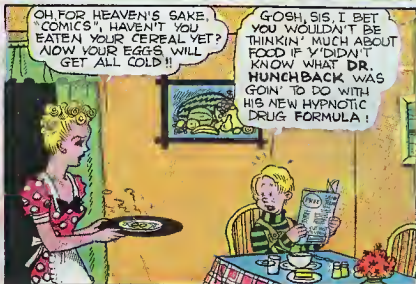
FOLKS, MEET THE WORLD'S NO.1 COMIC BOOK FAN, "COMICS" M'CORMICK, WHO CAN GO THRU ALL SORTS OF HAIR-RAISING, BLOOD-CURDLING EXPERIENCES WITHOUT EVER LEAVING HIS SEAT.



AND NOW HERE'S OUR YOUNG HERO, SUPPOSEDLY EATING HIS BREAKFAST, BUT.....

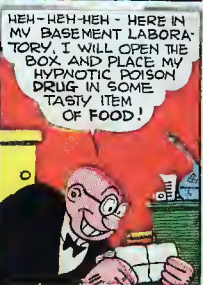
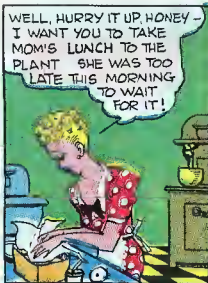


"IN HIS SECRET LABORATORY THE MAD DOCTOR REACHES FOR A SMALL GREEN BOTTLE!"



OH FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, "COMICS", HAVEN'T YOU EATEN YOUR CEREAL YET? NOW YOUR EGGS WILL GET ALL COLD!!

GOSH, SIS, I BET YOU WOULDN'T BE THINKIN' MUCH ABOUT FOOD IF Y'DIDN'T KNOW WHAT DR. HUNCHBACK WAS GOIN' TO DO WITH HIS NEW HYPNOTIC DRUG FORMULA!



MEANWHILE ...

DR. HUNCHBACK
DOESN'T REALIZE
THAT I AM WATCHIN'
HIS EVERY MOVE!



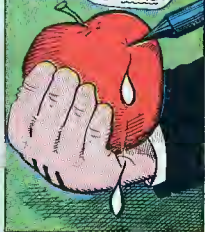
NOW HE'S TAKIN' OUT
THE APPLE FROM
MOM'S LUNCH AN' IS
ABOUT TO INJECT A
RARE ORIENTAL
DRUG INTO IT!



HEH-HEH WHEN MRS
M'CORMICK EATS THIS
DRUGGED APPLE,
SHE WILL BE IN MY
HYPNOTIC POWER
AND SOON...



THE SECRET OF THE
"SECRET WEAPON" WILL
BE MINE!



THEN I'LL BE ABLE
TO CONTROL THE
WHOLE WORLD!
HEH-HEH-HEH !!!



OKAY, "DOC" THE
COAST IS CLEAR!



NOW I CAN CAPTURE
DR. HUNCHBACK
AN' THAT CROOKED
GUARD 'CAUSE
MOM WILL HAVE
THE EVIDENCE!



YOUR SON JUST BROUGHT
THIS LUNCH BOX, MRS.
M'CORMICK !!



WELL BLESS HIS LIL' HEART! "COMICS" IS
THE SMARTEST AND
BRAVEST BOY THAT
EVER LIVED
!!



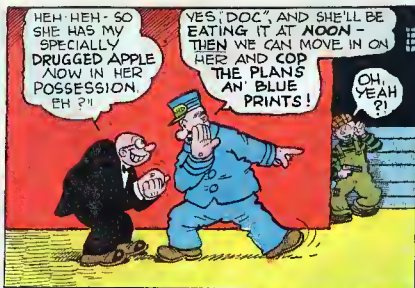
WELL, I'LL WARN MOM
LATER. BUT NOW I MUST
FOLLOW THAT DOUBLE-
CROSSIN' GUARD WHILE
HE REPORTS TO DR
HUNCHBACK - THEN
I'LL ARREST 'EM
BOTH!



HEH-HEH- SO
SHE HAS MY
SPECIALLY
DRUGGED APPLE
NOW IN HER
POSSESSION.
EH ?

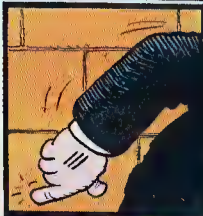
YES, 'DOC', AND SHE'LL BE
EATING IT AT NOON -
THEN WE CAN MOVE IN ON
HER AND COP
THE PLANS
AN' BLUE
PRINTS!

OH,
YEAH
?!



YOU AN' WHO
ELSE ?!!

WITH A SUDDEN SWIFT
MOVEMENT THE MAD
DOCTOR PRESSES A
HIDDEN SPRING-



AND THE HEAVY WALL
SWINGS VIOLENTLY OPEN,
THROWING "COMICS" OFF
HIS FEET, AND THEN CLOSES.

QUICK - WE HAVEN'T
A MOMENT TO LOSE!
FOLLOW ME INTO MY
SECRET SOUND-PROOF,
BOMB PROOF
LABORATORY
!!!

OKAY, 'DOC' - BUT
THAT KID IS BOUND
TO FIND OUT WHERE
WE WENT - I HAVE
AN IDEA HE'S A
JUNIOR UNDERCOVER
AGENT !!

YOU
SAID
IT !!



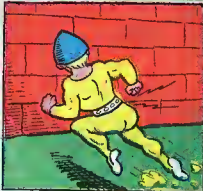
FRANTICALLY "COMICS" TRIES TO LOCATE THE HIDDEN SPRING, BUT IN VAIN...



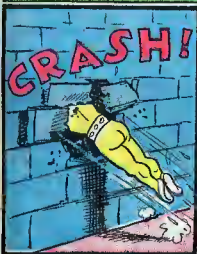
WELL, I CAN'T WASTE ANY MORE TIME - I'LL JUST HAVE TO BUST THRU THAT WALL!



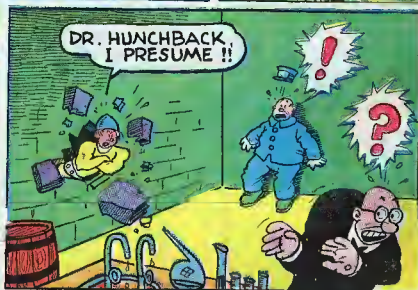
QUICKLY CHANGING INTO HIS CONCEALED BATTERING RAM SUIT WITH ITS POWER BELT ATTACHMENT, "COMICS" DASHES TOWARDS THE STONE WALL AND -



- SMASHES THRU IT.



DR. HUNCHBACK, I PRESUME !!



THE SOUND OF THE CRASH IS HEARD BY THE EMPLOYEES, AND MRS. MCCORMICK LOOKS UP IN ALARM.

GOOD GRIEF, -WHAT WAS THAT?

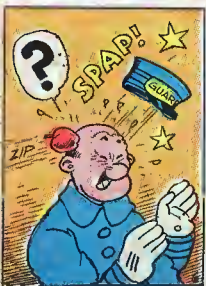
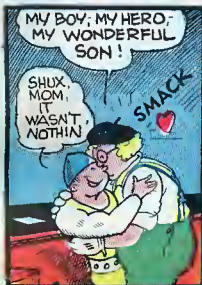
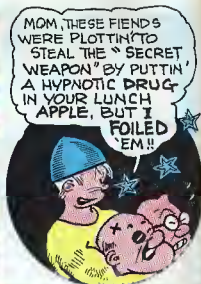
QUICK - HIDE THE PLANS !!

LOOK, -HERE COMES SOME ONE NOW!



WHY, IT'S MY OWN SON, "COMICS" MCCORMICK, BUT WHO ARE THOSE TWO WRECKS WITH HIM?





BACK THE
ATTACK!

BUY WAR
BONDS
and
STAMPS

today!

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ADVENTURES OF THE
KING OF THE SKYWAYS, IN

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THAT GIVES PUNCH TO THIS
NEWEST THRILL-A-MINUTE
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CHECK THESE POINTS
OFFERED BY THIS MAGAZINE...

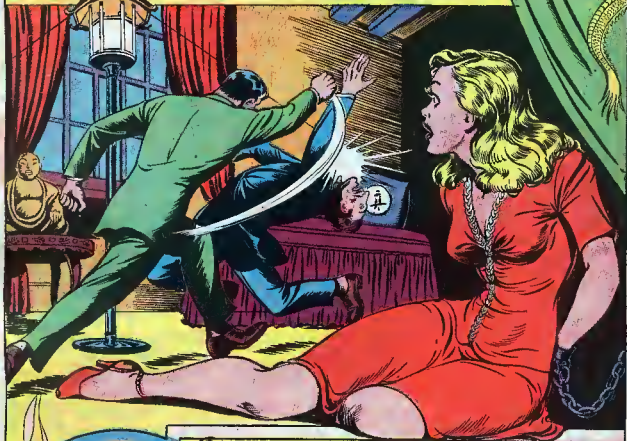
✓ PATHOS!
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Featuring THE "GREY MASK"
THE "TRACKER"—AND A
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GRIPPING ACTION STORIES

Molly O'Moore

and SCOOP SCANLON

meet
"THE MAN FROM LIMEHOUSE"



MOLLY O'MOORE, AND SCOOP SCANLON ARE OFF ON ANOTHER PERILOUS ADVENTURE! FOLLOW OUR TWO MADCAP REPORTERS AS THEY BATTLE THE MOST UNUSUAL VILLAIN OF ALL TIME! -- THE MAN FROM LIMEHOUSE! --

OUR STORY OPENS WITH MOLLY UP TO HER OLD TRICKS, --TELEPHONING YOUNG JIMMIE BLAIN, OFFICE BOY AT THE DAILY WORLD-STAR! --

OH, COME ON JIMMIE-- SWITCH ME IN ON THE CONVERSATION! -- BE A GOOD LITTLE BOY!

POOR LITTLE JIMMIE IS THE GO-BETWEEN FOR THE PAIR OF RIVAL NEWSPAPER REPORTERS! --

--AW, GEE, MOLLY-- HE'D KILL ME IF HE EVER KNEW I BROKE IN ON HIS CONVERSATION! --HE'S TALKIN' TO THE POLICE COMMISSIONER-- WHAT??



THAT'S RIGHT--I'LL GET YOU TWO TICKETS TO THE CARR-NORRIS FIGHT--- AND I THINK I CAN PERSUADE MY SISTER TESSIE TO GO WITH YOU!---NO!! WILL YOU CUT ME IN ON THE CONVERSATION?



GOSH---THIS AIN'T BEIN' VERY LOYAL -- BUT I'VE GOT TO SEE THAT FIGHT!! --AND WITH TESSIE O'MOORE, TOO --GEE!!



THREE MINUTES LATER, AN EXCITED MOLLY DASHES OUT OF THE PHONE BOOTH!

WOW!! RICKIE CONNOVER IS DEAD!--WHAT A SCOOP! THIS IS ONE TIME WHEN MY PLAYMATE SCANLON ISN'T GOING TO BEAT ME TO THE PUNCH!!

---AND AT THE SAME TIME-- THE MASTER LORDS OF GANDOM MEET IN SOLEMN CONCLAVE

YEAH--SO CONNOVER'S RUBBED OUT!-- BUT, GOOD RIDDANCE I SAY!--I DUNNO WHO DID IT, --BUT HE OUGHTA GET A MEDAL FOR IT!!



IS THAT WHAT YOU GOT US UP HERE FOR?? TA LISSEN TA YOU GAS ABOUT THAT PUNK? WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND ORLANDO?

LISSEN, GUYS-- CONNOVER AND EVERY PAYIN' RACKET IN CHINATOWN TIED UP TIGHT! NOW THAT HE'S GONE, THERE'S NO SENSE IN US KNOCKING EACH OTHER OFF, TRYIN' TA TAKE CVER HIS TERRITORY!-- LET'S DIVIDE IT, -- AN' STICK SOMEONE DOWN THERE TA RUN IT FER US!

WHO CAN WE GET? YOU KNOW HOW WE TRUST EACH OTHER!

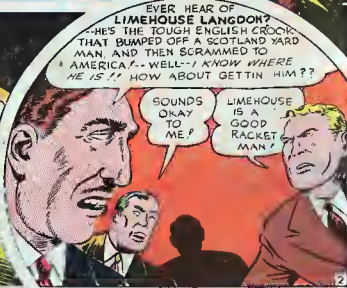


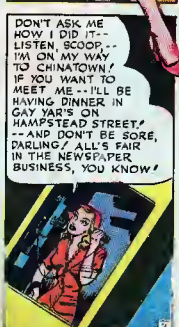
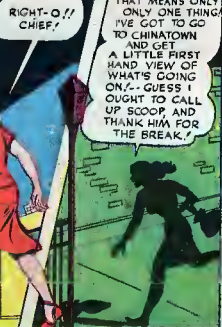
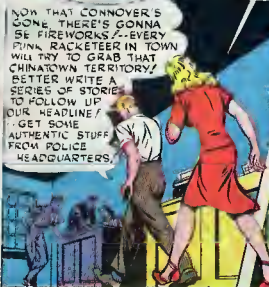
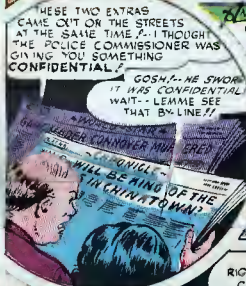
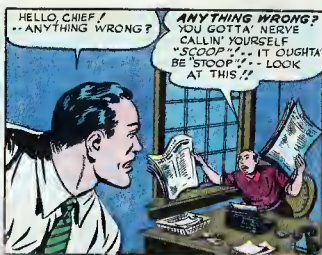
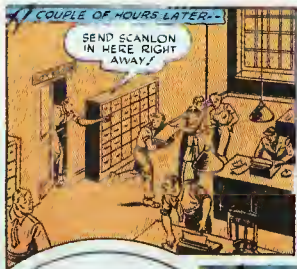
EVER HEAR OF LIMHOUSE LANGDON?

--HE'S THE TOUGH ENGLISH CROOK THAT BUMPED OFF A SCOTLAND YARD MAN, AND THEN SCRAMMED TO AMERICA!-- WELL--I KNOW WHERE HE IS!! HOW ABOUT GETTIN HIM??

SOUNDS OKAY TO ME!

LIMHOUSE IS A GOOD RACKET MAN!





RIGHT THIS WAY MISS!

I CAN'T START AN INVESTIGATION ON AN EMPTY STOMACH! -- I HOPE SCOOP SHOWS UP!



BUT THE EYES OF GANGLAND ARE MANY---

YEAH, THAT'S HER-- MOLLY O'MOORE, THE ONE THAT WROTE THAT STORY IN TODAY'S CHRONICLE!

NOT A BAD LOOKING CHICK!-- WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR?



MISS MOLLY O' MOORE--? MAY WE JOIN YOU FOR A MOMENT!

YEAH-- WE READ YOUR ARTICLE TODAY, AND THOUGHT WE'D LIKE TO HELP YOU!!



HELP ME, HOW??

WE THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO MEET THE NEW LEADER OF THE CHINTOWN TERRITORY!

OF COURSE, IF YOU'RE-ER-- AFRAID--



AFRAID? --SINCE WHEN IS A CHRONICLE REPORTER AFRAID? --SURE, I'D LIKE VERY MUCH TO MEET HIM!

O.K.--O.K.! NO ONE SAID YOU'RE AFRAID!-- LET'S GET GOING!



CHANCES ARE HE'LL WANT TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH YOU--

YEAH, YOU WON'T FIND HIM HARD TO GET ALONG WITH!

IT'S O.K. BOYS, ONLY HED BETTER NOT TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF!-- YOU KNOW THE PRESS IS A DANGEROUS BUSINESS TO FOOL AROUND WITH!



AND HALF AN HOUR LATER, SCOOP ARRIVES IN THE CHINESE RESTAURANT--

THAT'S FUNNY-- SHE NEVER LET ME DOWN ON A DATE BEFORE!! --I WONDER WHERE SHE WENT!!



YOU'LL EXCUSE US IF WE HAVE TO GO IN SUCH A ROUNDABOUT WAY!!

YEAH--YOU MUST UNDERSTAND SUCH THINGS!

ANYTHING FOR A STORY-- THAT'S ME!

AND--MINUTES LATER, SHE IS STANDING BEFORE THE MOST FEARED CRIMINAL OF THE EUROPEAN CONTINENT-- LIMEHOUSE LANGDON!!

ALLOW ME-- THIS IS LIMEHOUSE LANGDON!-- MISS MOLLY O'MOORE!!

AH, YES--THE REPORTER FROM THE CHRONICLE!-- AND SUCH A CHARMING GIRL, TOO!-- LEAVE THE ROOM, BOYS!

OH-- OH-- HERE I GO AGAIN!!

SURE, O.K. LIMEHOUSE

MEANWHILE--

YES--MR SCANLON, SHE LEFT WITH TWO MEN--I THINK THEY'RE A COUPLE OF GUINO ORLANDO'S EAST SIDE MOB! THEY WALKED STRAIGHT UP WAMPSTEAD STREET!

ORLANDO'S MOB? THAT MEANS THEY MUST BE OVER AT CONNOVER'S OLD HEADQUARTERS ON DEANE STREET! ORLANDO WAS IN CAHOOTS WITH CONNOVER!--THIS IS BAD!

YES, I HAVE MODELED THIS PLACE AFTER THE ONE I HAD IN LIMEHOUSE, LONDON.--WHERE I WAS TRULY AN INFLUENTIAL PERSON!

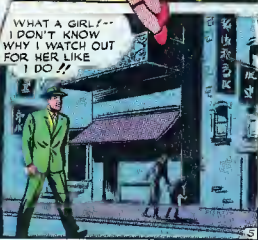
REALLY?--ER-- WHY DID YOU LEAVE?



ON ACCOUNT OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL LIKE YOU!! SHE MADE ME KILL A MAN!-- UNFORTUNATELY, IT WAS A SCOTLAND YARD DETECTIVE!

GOSH, HOW I WISH SCOOP WAS HERE!-- I'LL NEVER PLAY HIM ANOTHER DIRTY TRICK AS LONG AS I LIVE!!

WHAT A GIRL!-- I DON'T KNOW WHY I WATCH OUT FOR HER LIKE I DO!!



AND AT THE SAME MOMENT
GUINO ORLANDO SPEEDS
TO KEEP AN IMPORTANT
RENDEZVOUS WITH LIME-
HOUSE LANGDON!!

THINGS ARE WORKING OUT
ALL RIGHT SINCE THIS
AFTERNOON, RICO!!
LANGDON TOOK OVER
THE JOB, JUST THE WAY
I FIGURED HE
WOULD!!

HOW ABOUT
THAT GIRL RE-
PORTERS STORY ON
WHO'S GONNA BE THE
NEXT KING OF CHINA-
TOWN? THAT'S BAD
BUSINESS!!



THE RIVAL NEWSPAPER
MAN SWINGS INTO ACTION!
-- BUT JUST THEN --

MOLLY!
MOLLY!

HEY!!-- GUINO! SOMEONE'S
TRYING TO BREAK INTO
THE JOINT!!

GRAB HIM,
QUICK!



INFURIATED AT SEEING MOLLY BOUND AND HELPLESS,
THE VALIANT YOUNG REPORTER WADES INTO
THE ASTONISHED TRIO!

OOOOFFF!!



BAD BUSINESS IS RIGHT,
FOR AT THAT MOMENT--

LET'S STOP BEATING ABOUT
THE BUSH!!-- YOU DIDN'T
COME DOWN HERE FOR
ANY PLEASURE JAUNT!
-- WHAT DO YOU WANT
TO KNOW ANYHOW?

N-N-NOTHING!
I JUST CAME DOWN
FOR A CHOP SUEY
DINNER!



OUTSIDE, SCOOP HEARS A
FAMILIAR VOICE --

HE-E-ELP!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER--

WHAT A HAPPY PARTY!
-- THESE PUNKS ARE
DANGEROUS LIMEHOUSE!!

WELL WE KNOW
WHAT TO DO WITH
DANGEROUS
BLOKES!! ORLANDO!

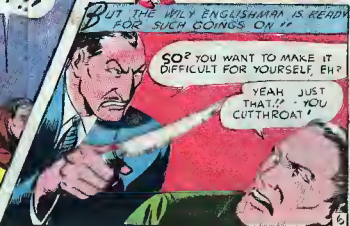
SCOOP! I THOUGHT
YOU'D NEVER
GET HERE!

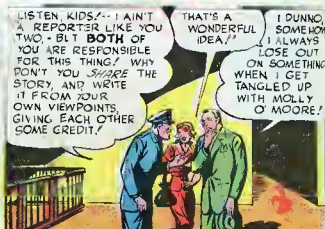
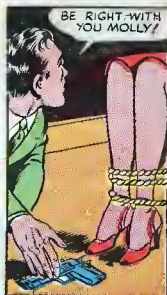
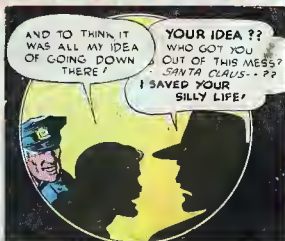


BUT THE WILY ENGLISHMAN IS READY
FOR SUCH GOINGS ON!!

SO? YOU WANT TO MAKE IT
DIFFICULT FOR YOURSELF, EH?

YEAH JUST
THAT!! -- YOU
CUTTHROAT!

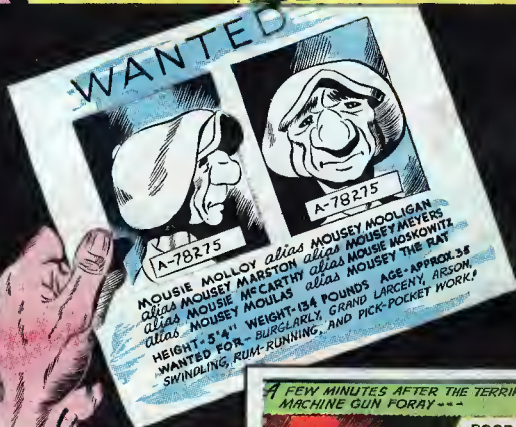




ACTION, ADVENTURE, MYSTERY and COMEDY -- YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL IN Terrific Comics



"MOUSEY"



AFTER A TERRIFIC GUN BATTLE, IN WHICH DOMINIC'S MOB WAS ALMOST COMPLETELY RUBBED OUT--TERRY MOORE AND MURPHY, PICKED UP A DAZED LITTLE FIGURE OF A MAN FROM THE FLOOR!---WITH SOME INHERENT SYMPATHY FOR THIS WOE-BEGONE CREATURE, WITH HIS FUNNY OLD FASHIONED CAP--THE TWO HARD BOILED COPS TOOK HIM TO THE HOSPITAL, WHERE HE SIGNED A PAPER, TURNING STATES EVIDENCE AGAINST THE DOMINIC CRIME RING---

A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE TERRIFIC MACHINE GUN FORAY---



OUR STORY STARTS WITH MOUSEY
RECOVERING IN THE HOSPITAL---

TWO GENTLEMEN
FROM THE POLICE
DEPARTMENT, MR.
MOLLOY!

POLICE DEPARTMENT?
TELL 'EM I'M--OH,
ER-- MUST BE MY
FRIENDS!?

IT'S TERRY AND
MURPHY!-- HI, YA
FELLERS!-- THE
DOC SAYS I'LL BE
GETTIN' OUT TOMORROW!
--- AND DON'T YOU
WORRY ABOUT ME!
FROM NOW ON, I'M GOIN'
STRAIGHT!?

GLAD TO
HEAR IT,
MOUSEY!

ME
TOO!

THE FACT THAT YOU
TURNED STATES
EVIDENCE LET'S YOU
OFF SCOT FREE!!
--- DOMINIC AND
HIS MOB ARE PUSHIN'
UP DAISIES!

GEE!-- AIN'T
DAT GREAT!?

--- BY THE WAY,
--- WE GOT YOU A
JOB AS A BUTLER IN THE
VAN CLEMENT'S FIFTH AVENUE
HOME!

BUTLER?

I AIN'T NEVER BEEN A BUTLER,
--- BUT I'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE,
TANKS A LOT FELLERS!

NEXT DAY AT THE VAN
CLEMENTS MANSION--

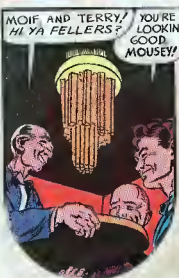
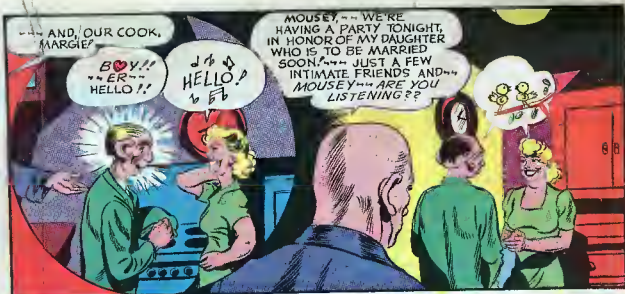
I'M MOUSEY!
--- DEY SAID
I WAS SUPPOSED
TO COME HERE--

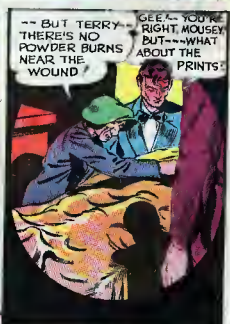
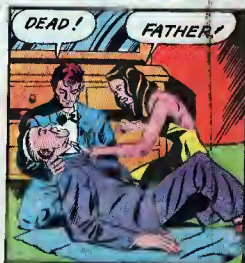
YES,
--- COME
RIGHT
IN
MOUSEY!

TANKS!

HERE'S YOUR
ROOM-- AND
THERE'S YOUR
UNIFORM--







SAY, WHERE WERE YOU DURING THESE MURDERS? ME? WHY I--WAS---



HE WAS IN THE KITCHEN ALL THE TIME --- WITH ME!



THRU HIS BALLISTICS TRAINING, MURPHY FINDS A CLUE ---

TERRY!--BOTH MURDERS WERE COMMITTED WITH THE SAME GUN!

BUT--ONLY ONE SHOT WAS FIRED FROM THIS ONE!

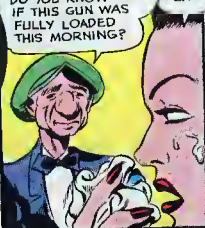


HMMMM...

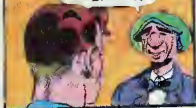


MISS WIN CLEMENT-- DO YOU KNOW IF THIS GUN WAS FULLY LOADED THIS MORNING?

WHY-- ER--



DID YOU HEAR THAT, TERRY?? AFTER THE KILLER SHOT TOMMY REYNOLDS, HE HAD TO USE A FRESH CLIP-- BECAUSE THE GUN WAS EMPTY!



-- YES!-- THIS MORNING DAD SHOT AT A RABBIT IN THE GARDEN!-- HE SAID --"I FIRED FOUR SHOTS AT THAT PESKY ANIMAL, AND DIDN'T EVEN HIT HIM!"



EVERYONE IN THIS HOUSE IS TO BE FINGERPRINTED! HEY--- WHO'S THIS ---??



YOU'RE RIGHT, MOUSEY! THE CLIP IS COVERED WITH THE KILLER'S PRINTS!



YES MR. MOORE,-- I HAVE THE GUN NOW!-- AND I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!-- YOU CAN GUESS WHO THE MURDERER IS--EH?

HARVEY REYNOLDS!



BUT WHY
MR. REYNOLDS?
--- YOUR OWN SON
--- AND MY FATHER WAS
YOUR BEST FRIEND!



I WAS JUST RETURNING THE GUN
WHEN VAN CLEMENT CAME INTO
THE ROOM!-- UNDER THE
CIRCUMSTANCES, I HAD TO ACT
QUICKLY!-- I GRABBED A
FRESH CLIP FROM THE DRAWER
AND FIRED!--

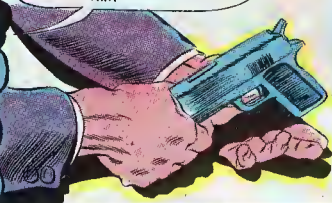
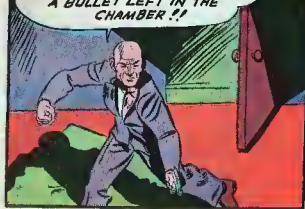
TOM'S REAL FATHER DIED AND
LEFT HIM IN MY CARE! WHEN
HE FOUND OUT I HAD MIS-
APPROPRIATED THE FUNDS HE WAS
TO RECEIVE ON HIS WEDDING
DAY-- HE WAS GOING TO EXPOSE
ME!-- I HAD TO KILL HIM--



I WIPED OFF MY FINGERPRINTS
AND PLACED IT IN HIS HAND!!
-- I REALLY DIDN'T MEAN
TO KILL HIM--



NO! DON'T TRY TO RUSH ME
COPPER!-- YOU FORGET,
THAT EVEN IF I HAVEN'T GOT
THE CLIP-- THERE'S STILL
A BULLET LEFT IN THE
CHAMBER!!



SUDDENLY,-- MOUSIE LEAPS AT THE
UNSUSPECTING MURDERER!



WHAT TH---
WHY, YOU LITTLE
RAT-FACED--

MOUSEY MOVES THE MAGAZINE
OF THE AUTOMATIC BACK,
PREVENTING IT'S FIRING--



CONGRATS MOUSEY!
-- THAT JOB TOOK
STEEL NERVES!!
YOU'RE REALLY
OKAY!



AAAAW!
--IT WASN'T
NOTHIN'!

WITH A HEAVY VASE, TERRY PUTS
REYNOLDS TO SLEEP--



OH TERRY!--I'M
ALL ALONE!



NOT WITH
ME YOU'RE
NOT BABY!

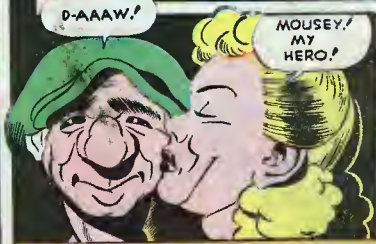
OH TERRY!

TSK!
TSK!



D-AAAW!

MOUSEY!
MY
HERO!



an *other* ADVENTURE WITH MOUSEY
APPEARS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
Comics



Billy Williams was fourteen, red-headed and far from being shy. He was always trying to show off in front of Madeline Hadley, Madeline, truthfully, was the prettiest and most popular girl at the Horace Mann School. Her eyes were deep brown and dancing, and her long black hair had a series of soft rolls just like older girls.

Madeline was a year younger than Billy.

At recess, when everyone used to gather in the play-yard to have their morning lunch, Billy was always up to some new and tricky stunt to attract Madeline's attention. One day it would be walking along the thin high railing on top of the school fence; another time he would be walking on his hands in front of the group of girls with Madeline. She used to blush when the other girls would say, "Go on — smile at him. He wants to be your feller."

Madeline was very aloof—but she wasn't "stuck-up." She was a pretty girl, and knew it. She secretly thought that Billy Williams was a swell boy, but didn't want to tell him, or let him know. Billy didn't wear smart clothes and have lots of pocket money like Lowell Mason. Lowell's father owned the biggest real estate office in town, and promised his son an automobile on his sixteenth birthday.

Billy came from another part of town called "The Line," and had several brothers and sisters all younger than he. His father worked in the Beacon Coke Works, and would come home every night very tired, and very dirty. Madeline's father had a good job in Lowell's father's office, and wanted Madeline to become better acquainted with his employer's son.

On this particular day, Lowell came over when Madeline was talking to the girls, and offered her one of the ice-cream cones he was carrying. Several of the other boys, including Billy were looking on.

"That big sissey," remarked "Boo-Boo" Al-drich. All he wants to do is hang around the girls!"

"Inky" Meyers nodded. "Yeah. And look—he's giving Madeline Hadley one of 'em—Why don'tcha go over an' sock him, Billy?"

Billy glared at him red-faced.

"If you don't button your lip, I'll sock you," he said. "Why don'tcha mind your own business. She ain't my girl!"

"Boo-Boo" laughed. He was bigger and much heavier than Billy.

"Ho-ho-ho," he jeered. "Look what's talkin'! After all those handsprings and cartwheels to make her take notice of you, look what's talkin'!"

Billy glowered. To have one of his bunch admit having a girl, was like trying to pull an elephant through a knothole. Sure he liked Madeline. But how could he talk to her? He never had pocket money, and his clothes showed plenty of patches. But, Lowell Mason—

Billy gritted his teeth. He resolved that some day he would make a million dollars, and come back in a big white automobile with a white suit and when Madeline would stand on the outside of the crowd that would be admiring him, he'd tip his hat gravely to her, and say "How do, Miss Hadley"—and walk away with his friends to a gay evening, leaving her standing on the sidewalk all alone.

That afternoon, he watched Lowell Mason carry her books home for her. Once he said something funny and she laughed in that musical way of hers, and smiled in his face.

When Billy finished his homework that night, he said to his father: "Pop — I want to go to work afternoons after school."

His father shook his head from behind his paper. Great blue clouds of pipe smoke arose from Mr. Williams' huge pipe. Billy's mother sat nearby darning stockings.

"Nothing doing," his father said. "You don't HAVE to work. I earn enough money to support my wife and kids—"

Billy was insistent. "But Dad," he said. "I ain't a little kid anymore. Gee—a feller's got



to have some money in his pockets when he's out with the boys. Gosh—I—"

"Billy's right, Tom," his Mother said. "We can't afford to give him money, and if he can get some kind of work after school, I think it will teach him the responsibility of money..."

Billy put his arm around his mother's neck. "Dear, sweet Mom," he said kissing her forehead. "You're the best Mom a feller ever had in the world."

She patted his arm. Mr. Williams grunted. That grunt was usually a sign of defeat for him.

The next few days were hazy ones for Billy. First of all, Mr. Kimball, who owned Kimball's Drug Store, hired him to work every afternoon in his store from 2:30 to 6:30. And for this treat of being able to stay in this veritable fairyland of sodas and candies, he was to receive seven dollars a week! Seven dollars a week all for himself! He resolved right away, to give one-half of it to his mother every week.

The days flew by. Every night he would come home, have his supper, do homework, and tumble off to bed, a very tired young man. In school, he was a different person. His manners changed. Instead of the old carefree Billy with his show-off manners, he became a new person, fully aware of his new responsibility. Now and then, when he saw Madeline, he would gravely smile and walk on.

Once he met her walking with Lowell Maeon. They all said hello and passed by. When Billy was out of earshot Lowell said to Madeline: "That little wise guy has calmed down. Ever since he got that job pushin' a broom around in Kimball's Drug Store, he's a big shot!"

Madeline shrugged. "He's earning some money for himself," she said, "At least he WORKS for his."

Lowell reddened. His attempt to compare himself with Billy had failed miserably.

One afternoon around 4:00, while Billy was behind the soda fountain straightening up the syrup jugs, Madeline came in and perched herself on one of the high stools.

For a moment Billy's knees turned to water. He suddenly felt like an actor on a brilliant stage with a critical audience. Mr. Kimball was mixing a prescription in the back room. He looked out from behind the door.

"Hello, Madeline! Take care of Madeline, will you, Billy?" he asked.

With trembling hands Billy began fishing for the proper things to make up a banana split.

Why did she have to have a banana split, he wondered? He knew where everything was, but with her looking at him and smiling so entrancingly, he just couldn't seem to find anything.

Somehow, he managed to prepare the delicacy for her. When it was finished, it had two bananas, live scoops of ice-cream, several kinds

of fruit syrup and half a dozen cherries. Nevertheless, Madeline ate it. Looking from behind his prescription room window, Mr. Kimball laughed to himself. "Young ones haven't changed in fifty years," he said. "There goes the profit of that banana split."

Madeline smiled at him when she went out. "Thanks, Billy," she said. "It was wonderful—bye—"

He took her quarter, exchanged it for one of his own and carried it around with him for days. Then he got it mixed up with other quarters, and was never able to tell the difference.

A dark, heavy-set man came in the store on Saturday night when Mr. Kimball was ready to close up. It was eleven o'clock and Billy was there. He had been out with the fellows, and stopped by to see Mr. Kimball on the way home. His mother wanted a hot-water bag and Mr. Kimball had promised to get it for Billy at cost.

The man ordered a coke. Billy was in the back room wrapping his package. Suddenly he looked up horrified to see the man levelling a gun at Mr. Kimball.

"Dis is a stick-up," he said. "Fork over dat dough, or I'll drill ya. And I min't kiddin' either!"

He didn't see Billy. The boy let his hand slide over the prescription desk and came in contact with a heavy paper-weight. He closed his fingers around it.

Mr. Kimball was fumbling of the cash register. All the day's receipts were in there, and it represented a tidy sum of money.

Billy always used to play pitcher in any ball game he was in. He came swiftly, into view, and hurled the paper weight with a steady true aim. It caught the man directly on the arm, and the gun flew out of his hands. Billy made a dive for the weapon as the man howled with pain. It was the first time the boy ever held a real gun in his hand, loaded with real bullets. Something in Billy's eyes made the man keep his hands high, while Mr. Kimball phoned for the police.

The whole town heard of it, and they were proud. Mr. Kimball gave Billy a twenty-five dollar bonus, and a three dollar raise. All the gang called Billy a "Hero." He was lionized at school. Every recess he would relate the episode over and over again to his wide-eyed school mates.

One day he met Madeline as he was going to the store. She had stepped in a doorway to primp and smooth her hair, and bit her lips to make them red. She stepped out, as he approached.

"Hello, Billy," she began coyly. "I was just going to—"

"Hello, Miss Hadley," he answered gravely, and kept right on walking.

The girl looked after him, astonished.

"Gee—fellows SURE are lunny—" she said.

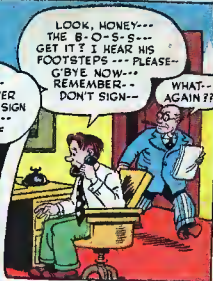
The GLIBBS



DARLING, OUR RENTING TROUBLES ARE OVER!-- I RAN INTO THE MOST MARVELOUS SUB-LET TODAY!



SWELL, SUGAR-- WE'LL TALK IT OVER TONIGHT!-- DON'T SIGN ANYTHING!-- NO-- I CAN'T GET OFF NOW--!



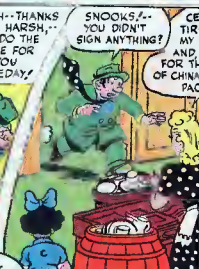
LOOK, HONEY-- THE B-O-S-S-- GET IT? I HEAR HIS FOOTSTEPS--- PLEASE-- G'BYE NOW-- REMEMBER-- DON'T SIGN--

WHAT-- AGAIN??



GO AHEAD, TAKE THE AFTERNOON OFF-- I GOT ENOUGH OF THE CONVERSATION TO KNOW YOU WON'T BE ANY GOOD AROUND HERE!

GOSH-- THANKS MR. HARSH-- I'LL DO THE SAME FOR YOU SOMEDAY!



SNOOKS!-- YOU DIDN'T SIGN ANYTHING?

CERTAINLY!-- I'M TIRED WALKING MY FEET OFF-- AND LOOK OUT FOR THAT BASKET OF CHINA, I'M PACKING!

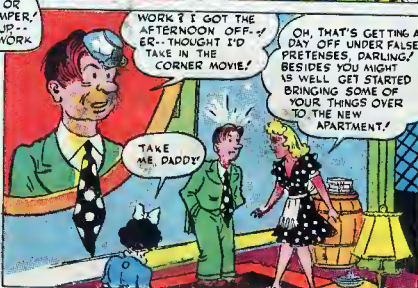


CLANG!



GOODNETH! ARE THEY WEARING TEACUPS THIS YEAR DADDY?

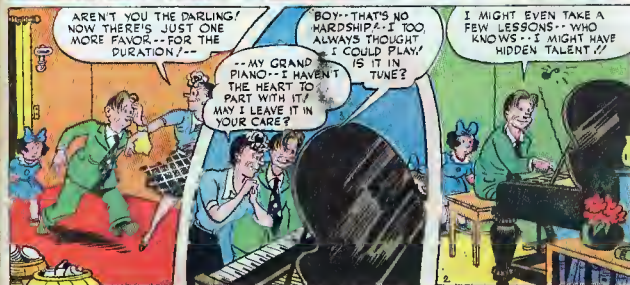
NOW, WAS THAT AN ACCIDENT, OR JUST BAD TEMPER, ANGEL GET UP-- WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

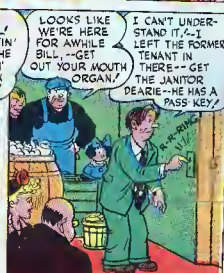
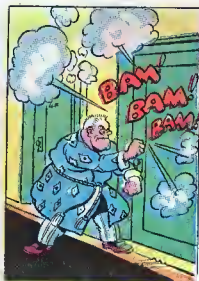


WORK? I GOT THE AFTERNOON OFF-- ER-- THOUGHT I'D TAKE IN THE CORNER MOVIE!

TAKE ME, DADDY!

OH, THAT'S GETTING A DAY OFF UNDER FALSE PRETENSES, DARLING! BESIDES YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET STARTED BRINGING SOME OF YOUR THINGS OVER TO THE NEW APARTMENT!





DEARIE--
PUL-LEEZE--
SUCH LANGUAGE!
IT'S VERY
EMBARRASSING
FOR ME!

WAIT'LL HE
GETS HIS BILL!
WE'RE GETTIN'
PAID BY THE
HOUR--AN'
THIS IS SIX
FLIGHTS!

LOOKS LIKE
WE'RE HERE
FOR AWHILE
BILL,--GET
OUT YOUR MOUTH
ORGAN!

I CAN'T UNDER-
STAND IT,--I
LEFT THE FORMER
TENANT IN
THERE--GET
THE JANITOR
DEARIE--HE HAS A
PASS KEY!

WHAT'S THE
IDEA? WE'VE
BEEN RINGIN'
THE--

BOO HOO!--I'VE
BEEN ON THE
PHONE! I'VE
GOT BAD NEWS
I'VE BEEN
REJECTED
BECAUSE OF
FLAT FEET!

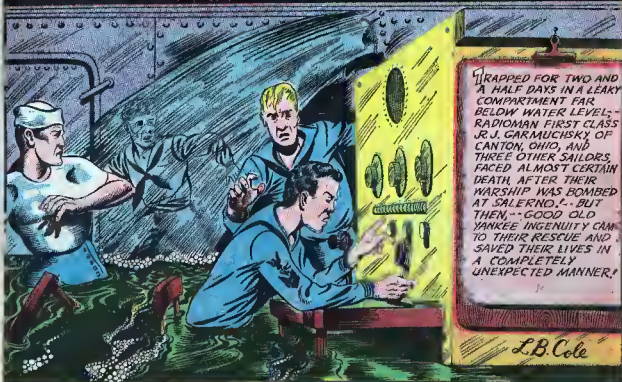
I WANT MY APARTMENT
BACK!--YOU WOULDN'T
TURN ME OUT ?? WE'LL
ALL BUNK TO-GETHER
'TILL YOU GET
SOMETHING!!

OH, WELL--IT'S
A CHANGE ANYWAY!

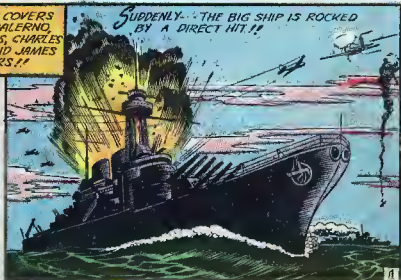
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ADVENTURE!
INTRIGUE!
IN NEXT MONTH'S
THRILL PACKED
ISSUE OF
CATMAN
comics

True PERSONAL ADVENTURE...

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AS THEIR MIGHTY MAN OF WAR COVERS THE SURPRISE LANDINGS AT SALERNO, GARMUCHSKY, AND HIS COMRADES, CHARLES J. CLARK, JR., JOSEPH COATE, AND JAMES H. LOWE, STAND BY FOR ORDERS!!



DOWN BELOW, A POWERFUL CASCADE OF WATER, AND OIL BULGES THE DOOR OF THE COMPARTMENT !!

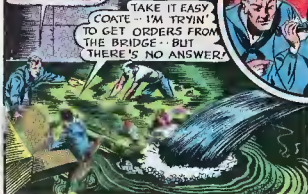
HOLY MACKEREL, GARMUCHSKY, LOOK!! WE'D BETTER CLEAR OUT OF HERE !!

TAKE IT EASY COATE -- I'M TRYIN' TO GET ORDERS FROM THE BRIDGE -- BUT THERE'S NO ANSWER!!

HAVE YOU GOT 'EM YET GARMIE?

WAIT A MINUTE! THEY JUST ANSWERED!!

YOU AND YOUR MEN GET OUT OF THAT COMPARTMENT -- AND QUICK!!



STRAINING, -- THE MEN ATTEMPT TO PULL OPEN THE DOOR --

IT'S NO USE GARMIE IT WON'T BUDGE!!

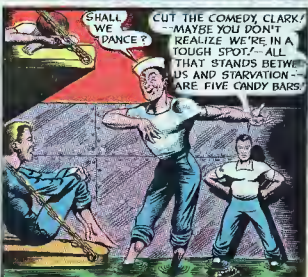
O.K.

MEN, -- WE'LL HAVE TO TRY SOMETHING ELSE



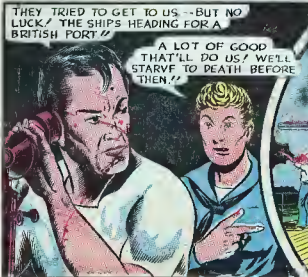
SHALL WE DANCE?

CUT THE COMEDY, CLARK! -- MAYBE YOU DON'T REALIZE WE'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT! -- ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN US AND STARVATION -- ARE FIVE CANDY BARS!



THEY TRIED TO GET TO US -- BUT NO LUCK! THE SHIPS HEADING FOR A BRITISH PORT!!

A LOT OF GOOD THAT'LL DO US! WE'LL STARVE TO DEATH BEFORE THEN!!



WHEN YOU GET THAT VENT OFF, DROP SOME FOOD DOWN TO THE MEN BELOW!

A YE! A YE! SIR!

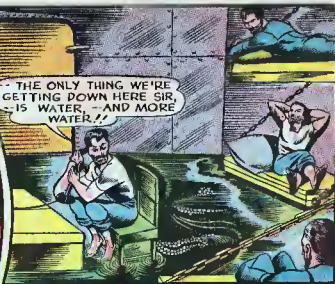


SHORTLY AFTERWARDS

--DID YOU GET THE FOOD,
O.K., GARMUCHSKY??



-- THE ONLY THING WE'RE
GETTING DOWN HERE SIR,
--IS WATER, --AND MORE
WATER!!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING--

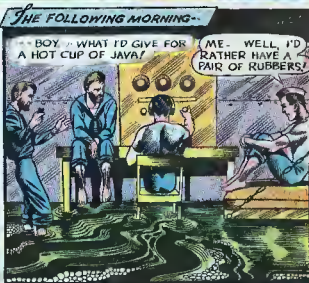
I TELL YOU -- WE'VE
GOT TO GET SOME
FOOD DOWN TO
THOSE MEN



--BUT THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE, SIR!
THE ONLY MEANS OF
REACHING THEM IS
THROUGH THE VENT!- AND
THAT'S SO WINDING, WE CAN'T GET
ANYTHING TO THE
BOTTOM!

-- BOY -- WHAT I'D GIVE FOR
A HOT CUP OF JAVA!

ME- WELL, I'D
RATHER HAVE A
PAIR OF RUBBERS!



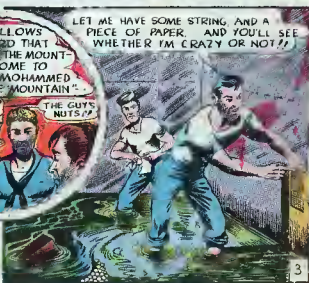
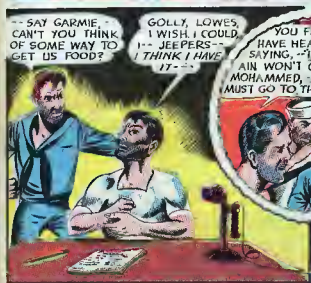
-- SAY GARMIE --
CAN'T YOU THINK
OF SOME WAY TO
GET US FOOD?

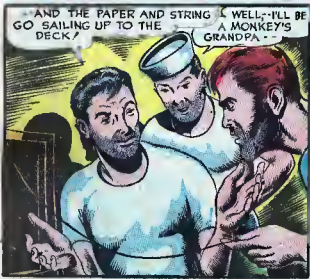
GOLLY, LOWES,
I WISH I COULD.
I -- JEEPERS --
I THINK I HAVE
IT --

YOU FELLOWS
HAVE HEARD THAT
SAYING, --"IF THE MOUNT-
AIN WON'T COME TO
MOHAMMED, --MOHAMMED
MUST GO TO THE MOUNTAIN"--

THE GUYS
NUTS!!

LET ME HAVE SOME STRING, AND A
PIECE OF PAPER. AND YOU'LL SEE
WHETHER I'M CRAZY OR NOT!!



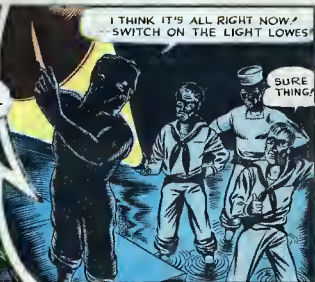


Please tie to string. We'll pull it down the vent. Thanks! *Stevens*



I WAS THINKING ABOUT THAT VERY THING CLARK, - IF YOU'LL HOLD THIS FLASH MAYBE I CAN HOOK UP THE LIGHTS!

THE GUY HAS SUPERNATURAL POWERS



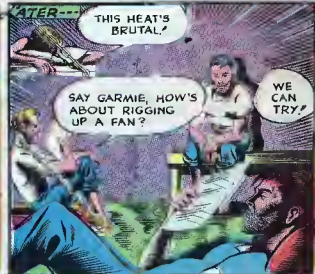
I THINK IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW! - SWITCH ON THE LIGHT LOWES!

SURE THING!



HURRAY!

AT LEAST WE CAN SEE WHAT WE'RE DOING NOW!



THIS HEAT'S BRUTAL!

SAY GARMIE, HOW'S ABOUT RIGGING UP A FAN?

WE CAN TRY!

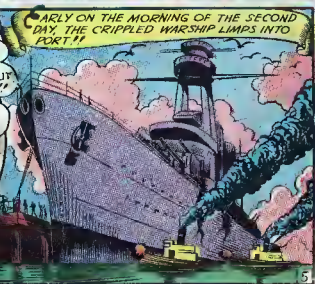


A LITTLE LATER--
THIS IS REAL COZY NOW!-- WE'VE GOT ALL THE CONVENIENCES OF HOME!-- FOOD, LIGHTS, A FAN, AND--

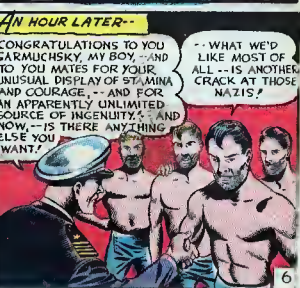
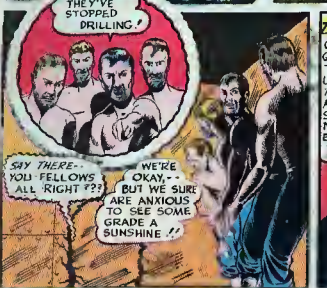
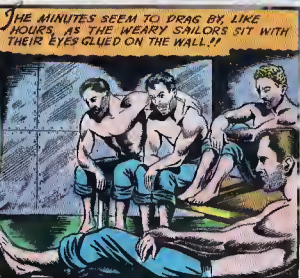
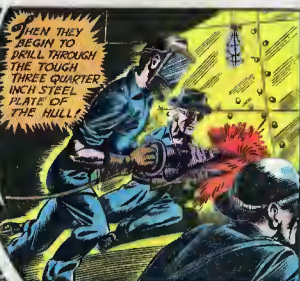
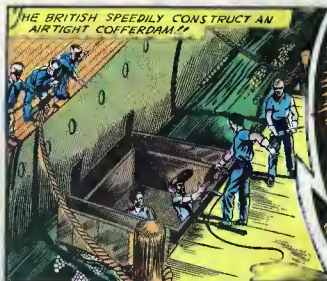
EVEN RUNNING WATER!

JUST THE SAME I'LL BE GLAD TO GET OUT OF HERE!!

YOU TOOK THE WORDS OUT OF MY MOUTH!

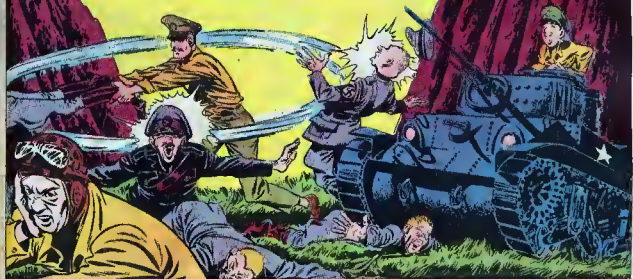


EARLY ON THE MORNING OF THE SECOND DAY, THE CRIPPLED WARSHIP LIMPS INTO PORT!!



BUCK 'N BRONCHO

AS THE MIGHTY ALLIED
INVASION SWEEPS THROUGH
HITLER'S EUROPE, WE FIND OUR
TWO VALIANT SONS OF THE
CINEMA, BUCK JORDAN
AND BRONCHO BOYD... ARE
RIGHT IN THERE, PUNCHING
AND PITCHING, AS THEY LEND
THEIR TRAINED NEWSREEL
EXPERIENCE TO PHOTOGRAPH
AN ALLIED VICTORY...



AN ADVANCE COLUMN OF
AMERICAN TANKS MOVES
FORWARD SOMEWHERE IN
CENTRAL EUROPE...



...AND IN THE FOREMOST TANK RIDES
OUR TWO PICTURE SHOOTIN' PALS...
BUCK 'N BRONCHO!

YEP, BUCK...WE
ASKED FOR ACTION...
AND WE GOT IT!

WHAT ACTION? SO
FAR WE'VE BEEN GOIN'
FOR MILES... AND NOT
A SOUL IN SIGHT...



YEAH... YOU'RE
RIGHT... THIS
PLACE LOOKS
LIKE NEW
JERSEY!

AND HOW! WHY,
THAT CLUMP OF
TREES IS THE MOST
PEACEFUL-
LOOKING..

BUT, BEHIND THAT FOREST GROVE...

HERE THEY COME... I SEE TWO
STUPID FACES ON THE LEAD TANK..
WE'LL START OFF BY SHOOTING
THEIR DUMPKOFF HEADS OFF!

MAYBE WE
SHOULD HAVE
STAYED IN
THE STATES!
WE...

BUCK!!
LOOK OUT...
DUCK!!!

YOU WANTED
ACTION... HERE
IT IS!!

LET'S START SHOOTIN'
THIS SHINDIG... BUT
WATCH OUT!

THE IRON COVERED
ADVERSARIES
"SQUARE OFF"
FOR THE BATTLE!

SHOOT FROM THE
OBSERVER'S SIGHT.
BRONC..... I'LL USE
A SLIT UP HERE!

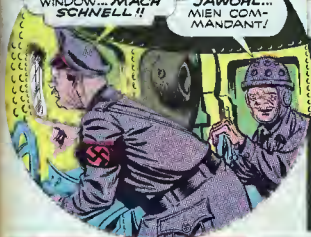
FOR MANY MINUTES, THE FURIOUS
BATTLE RAGES...



AND IN THE TANK OF THE
NAZI COMMANDER...

GET THAT LEAD TANK...
I SEE A PHOTOGRAPHER
IN THE OBSERVERS
WINDOW... MACH
SCHNELL!!

JAWOHL...
MIEN COM-
MANDANT!



WOW!! WHAT A
RECORD OF THIS
BATTLE WE'RE
MAKING!

YEAH... BUT DON'T
STICK YOUR HEAD
UP THERE!



OUTNUMBERED BY A SUPERIOR ENEMY
FORCE, THE YANK TANK COMMANDER
QUICKLY GIVES ORDERS TO HIS UNIT--

TURN AROUND... LET'S GO BACK... NO
SENSE IN US ALL GETTING KILLED...
OUR RE-INFORCEMENTS WILL TAKE
CARE OF THESE BABIES... COME
ON... LET'S GO!!



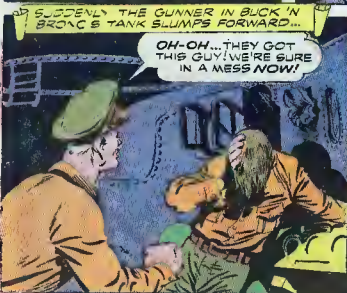
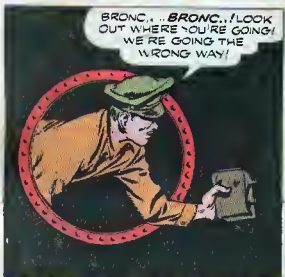
BUT THE TANK CONTAINING BUCK
IN BRONCHO COMES UNDER A
WITHERING HAIL OF NAZI FIRE-
POWER!

HEY,
BUCK,
BUCK!!



BUCK... THE DRIVER
AND THE OBSERVER
ARE BOTH SHOT! THE
TANK'S RUNNING
WILD!





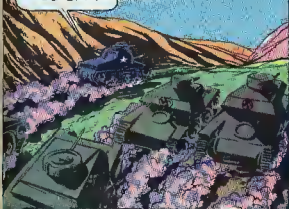
AND THEN, A FURIOUS CHASE BEGINS,
OVER THE OPEN HIGHWAY...

HURRY UP
BRONC...THEY'RE
GAINING
ON US!

I'M TRYING TO
MAKE THIS JALOPIE
GO AS FAST
AS IT CAN!



FASTER, BRONC ...
THEY'RE HEADING
US OFF!



CUT ACROSS...CUT ACROSS
THE FIELD AND HEAD THEM
OFF...I WANT THEIR
CAMERAS!



SOON, THE EXPERIENCED NAZI TANKMEN
SUCCEED IN BLOCKING THE ROAD IN FRONT
OF OUR AMATEUR TANK OPERATORS...

IT'S NO USE, BUCK...
WE'VE GOT TO STOP,
OR CRASH INTO THEM!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

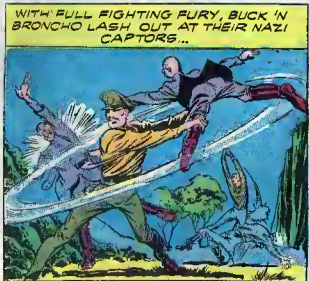
YOU ARE OUR
PRISONERS...HAND
OVER THOSE
CAMERAS!

TAKE 'EM
FROM US,
HEINIE!



OH...THE AMERICAN
WOULD BE DROLL, EH?





WOW!! IS
THIS
CLOSE?

THIS CAN'T GO
ON FOREVER...
THE YANKS ARE
MOVING UP!



WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR, THE AMERICAN
MECHANIZED COLUMN MOVES UP TO DO BATTLE...



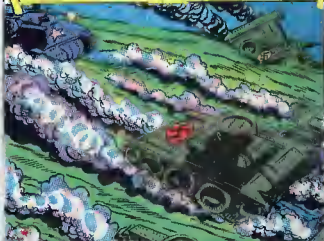
AND FROM A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY,
BUCK 'N BRONCHO RECORD THIS
FIERY BATTLE ON CELLULOID...

THIS IS IT,
EH, BUCK?

WAIT!! THE NEWS-
REELS GET A LOAD
OF THESE FILMS!



UNDER THE TERRIFIC FIRE-POWER
OF THE YANKS, THE NAZIS ARE FORCED
TO FLEE...



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, OUR
TWO LUCKY LENSESMEN RUSH
FORWARD WITH WHOOPS OF JOY!

YAHOO!! THAT'S
GIVIN' IT TO
'EM, PAL!

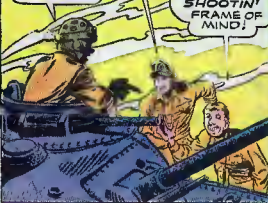
WHAT A
SHELLACKIN'
YOU GAVE 'EM!!



ARE YOU TWO
GUYS CRAZY?
GET IN THIS TANK,
BEFORE YOU GET
SHOT FULL OF
HOLES!

OKAY!
BE
RIGHT
WITH
YOU!

D'YA KNOW
OF ANY
MORE
BATTLES?
WE'RE IN A
SHOOTIN'
FRAME OF
MIND!



ANOTHER
PUNCH-
PACKED
ADVENTURE,
STARRING
"BUCK
'N
BRONCHO"
APPEARS
IN THE
NEXT
ISSUE
OF
TERRIFIC
COMICS

FREE

WITH THIS OFFER

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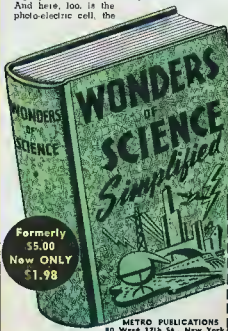
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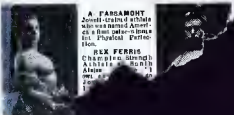
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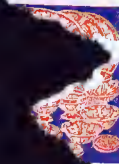
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